THE WASHINGTON STATUE.

MADE THE PROPERTY OF THE NATION. MUCH INTEREST SHOWN IN THE CEREMONIES-

ORATION BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. The unveiling of the statue of Washington on the steps of the Sub-Treasury Building yesterday afternoon attracted a large number of spectators, who displayed much interest in the exercises, remaining to the end though rain fell heavily all the time. George W. Lane, president of the Chamber of Commerce, was the presiding officer and spoke briefly. The Rev. Dr. Storrs offered prayer. Royal Phelps made a report in behalf of the committee of the Chamber of Commerce which has had charge of the statue, and the bronze figure was then unveiled, Governor Cleveland pulling one of the cords which drew off the drapery. President Arthur for the National Government acrepted the statue. The oration was delivered by George William Curtis, and Bishop Potter pronounced the benediction.

THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE.

The outer canvas covering which enveloped the rtatue of Washington was removed about twenty minutes before 1 o'clock, and it was then covered by the National flag only. At that time, in front of the steps of the Sub-Treasury and the inmediate vicinity there were fully two thousand umbrellas, beneath which about three thousand people crowded together for shelter from the rain. which fell in a steady, persistent, soaking fashion that left no room for the most sanguine to expect any improvement in the weather. The Sub-Treasury building was tastefully decorated with the arms of the original thirteen States and ttreamers and American flags innumerable. The Drexel building opposite also presented a gay display of bunting. At every window were groups of spectators each one of whom audibly congratulated himself on his good fortune in finding a more efficient shelter from the rain than could be obtained beneath an umbrella in the midst of a crowd. But the crowd was a typical American one, irresistibly good-humored, not at all envious, and disposed to find in its unpleasant predicament food for laughter and

good-humored, not at all envious, and disposed to find in its unpleasant predicament food for laughter and good-natured badinage. Its spirits were too buoyant to be drowned by the ra n.

A few minutes after 1 o'clock there was a general lifting of umbrellas, and a cheer announced the approach of the President. Shortly thereafter he advanced to the rostrum and stood immediately in front of the pedestal of the statue, and was greeted by another lifting of umbrellas and a longer and louder cheer. He wore a dark overcoat and a black frock coat and appeared not the least cast down by the gloomy weather. On the rostrum, or close thereto, were Secretary Folger, Governor Cleveland, William M. Evarts, Mayor Edson, Mayor Low, John Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, Richard M. Hunt, who designed the pedestal, Bishop Potter, George William Curtis, Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, Royal Phelps, A. A. Low, S. B. Chittenden, Morris K. Jesup, Henry F. Spaulding, Benjamin G. Arnold, George W. Lane, president of the Chamber of Commerce; James M. Brown, first vice-president; William H. Fogg. second vice-president; Solon Humphreys, treasurer, and George Wilson, secretary; Cyrus W. Field. John Jay Knox, C. N. Bliss, Charles S. Smith and Collector Robinson. Disposed about the porch were also Generals Farnsworth, Briggs, Lathrop, Wylie, Bryant, King, Rich, Mercer, Field and Robbins, and Colonels Cassidy, Townsend, Tilden, Wiley, Frost and Lamont.

By the time the participants in the ceremonies had taken their places the rain had perceptibly increased in force. There were not enough umbrellas to supply all the party, and President Arbur found shelter beneath that of Thomas C. Acton. Beneath the ample umbrella of Morris K. Jesup Secretary Folger on one side and Bishop Potter also found partial covering. Other possessors of umbrellas in the rostrum also shared them, so that no one was left entirely exposed to the rain. In front of the Treasury steps a cordon of about 100 police under Inspector Murray and Captain Caffrey kept the crowd at a respectiful dis REMARKS OF GEORGE W. LANE.

President Lane, of the Chamber of Commerce, took the chair-figuratively speaking-with these

words:

We are assembled here to-day on the very spot where General Washington took the oath of office as the first President of the United States, on the 30th of April, 1789. Where could we have selected a site so closely connected with that great event as this, for the erection of a statue to his memory!

The very name by which he has been called for a hundred years—the Father of his Country—carries with it the idea of his having lived for the best interests of his fellowmen. And we creet this statue just here, in this moneymaking centre, a reminder that it takes something greater than money, not only to endear a man to his contemporaries, but to carry his name with honor through succeeding generations.

according generations.

As the day of Washington's inauguration was opened with religious exercises, I will ask the Rev. Dr. Storrs to with religious exer lead us in prayer.

PRAYER OF DR. STORRS.

The Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, then delivered the following

the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, then delivered the following prayer:

Almighty God, most mereiful Father. Who art the Author of our life, and Giver of every good and perfect gift, with reverence and humility we bow before Thine infinite Majesty, remembering the fewness of our days, the littleness of our strength, and that our wisdom is but folly before Thee; with peniferee we confess our many offences, in selfishness and in pride, committed against Thee; and we humbly supplicate. Thy forgiveness, with the continual help of Thy grace, which alone may keep us from sinning. Yet we come to Thee also with thanksrying and praise, as mindful of the manifold and inestimable benefits which Thou hast bestowed upon us and our households; and we beseech Thee to accept the praises which in grateful adoration we offer before Thee.

It hath pleased Thee, who doest according to Thy will in the army of Heaven and among the thusbitants of the carth, to establish here a people for Thy praise, and to give it enlargement on every side. The handful of corn in the sarth, on the top of the mountains. Thou hast made in the fruit thereof to shake like Lebanon, and them of the city to flourish like grass of the earth.

We thank Thee for thy tender and sheltering favor shown to our fathers, in the day of their feebleness and of their sore struggle. We thank Thee especially on this day, for him whom Thou in Thy providence didst set forth to be leader of their armics, and wisest of their counselors, whom Thou didst permit to see Thy pleasure prospering in his hand; and to whom Thou hast given, in the nation which he succored, and in all line earth, a long renown. We thank Thee for the powers of mind and spirit, and of influence swer men, which Thou didst graciously commit unto him: hat in the day of battle he was wise and patient, steadfast and victorious; that when peace had come the people rested upon his words, and were guided by him into ways of justice, friendship and freedom. And we pray that Thou will exalt his name as a banner of strength f

fore, or that Divine goodness from which their unspeakable blessings have come.

We pray for the Nation, of which we are part; that it may be ever exalted by righteousness, blessed and glad because God is its Lord. Thou hast increased it; be Thou glorified in it! Thou hast brought it, in our years, out of fierce peril and pain. It called upon Thee in the day of trouble, and Thou didst deliver it. Thou hast made wars to cease within it: hast broken the bow, and cut in sunder the spear, and burned the chariot in the fire. Thou hast given it of the chief things of the ancient mountains, and the preclous things of the ancient mountains, and the preclous things of the sancient mountains, and the preclous things of the about the preclous things of the lasting hills; hast caused it to suck of the about the chief the sancient mountains, and the preclous things of the lasting hills; hast caused it to suck of the about the chief the sancient mountains, and the preclous things of the about the chief the sancient mountains, and the preclous things of the lasting hills; hast caused it to suck of the about the chief the sancient mountains, and the preclous things of the sancient mountains, and the sancient mountains, and the

pies! And wiit Thou, who wast the God of Our ancestors be our God also, and the God of this people, for ever and ever!

We ask for Thy blessing on the nation from which we have long been parted, but in whose keeping are the graves of our ancestors, and whose lines have gone out into all the earth. May its people serve Thee in faithful love, and rejoice in Thy trath which maketh force. May its princes and nobles rule by wisdom, and equity be established by its judges. May those in authority seek the things which make for peace; and may she who sitteth on the throne of the Kingdom have security in her age, and continual affiance in Thee.

We remember before Thee the nation which gave us friendship and aid in the day of our weakness; with all the peoples from which have come to us in the following time courage and counsel and multiplied strength. And we pray that the blessing which maketh rich, and with which Thou addest no sorrow, may abide upon them all, henceforth and ever.

Further Thy Kingdom, we humbly beseech Thee, in all the earth; and as Thou hast given to the children of men the blessed hope of eternal life, through the redemption that is in Christ, send forth of Thy grace upon those in high places, upon all who minister in Thy name, upon all Madreds and families of mankind, that Thy name may be known on the earth. Thy saving health among all nations.

Grant now Thy blessing unto us here assembled, that

Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

REPORT OF ROYAL PHELPS. Royal Phelps then made the following report in behalf of the committee w ich had had charge of this memorial work:

MR. GEORGE W. LANE, President of the Chamber of Commerce:

It is now more than three years since Mr. Elliot C. Cowdin, a distinguished member of the Chamber of Commerce (since deceased), first moved at a meeting of that body the subject of creeting a monument to commemorate the inauxuration of George Washington as first President of the United States. (Cheers.) The project was favorably received, and a committee was appointed by the president, Mr. Samuel D. Baboock, to carry it into effect, consisting of the following members: William E. Dodge, A. A. Low, Royal Phelps, Elliot C. Cowdin, Benjamin G. Arnold, Levi P. Morton, David Dows, James Talcott, Francis B. Thurber, Henry Hentz, Abram S. Hewitt, Joseph S. Lowrey, Edwin D. Morgan, Morris K. Jesup, John D. Jones, George Kemp, Charles Lanier, J. Pierpont Morgan, Percy R. Pyne, Joseph Schgman, Benjamin B. Sherman, Samuel Shethar, Henry F. Spaulding, Oliver Hoyt and Charles L. Tiffany.

This committee chose a sub-committee, of the following members: Royal Phelps, A. A. Low, S. B. Chittenden, Morris K. Jesup, Henry F. Spaulding, Benjamin G. Arnold, Measures were immediately taken to get the Government's permission for erecting the monument on these steps, and for collecting the monument on these steps, and for collecting the monument on which the ladies—God bless them—took an active part. We selected the distinguished sculptor Mr. John Q. A. Ward for making the woument, and he has served us to our entire satisfaction. MR. GEORGE W. LANE, President of the Chamber of Com

our entire satisfaction.

I now, Mr. President, in behalf of the committee I represent, hand the charge of the monument over to you and ask for our discharge. [Applause.]

Immediately on the conclusion of Mr. Phelps's speech a cord was pulled by Governor Cleveland on one side of the statue and another by E. F. Aucaigne on the other, and in a moment the drapery fell off and the statue of Washington was revealed in all its noble simplicity and beauty. It was deftly and quickly done. There was a pause for a few seconds and then a hearty and spontaneous cheer arose from the crowd of delighted spectators. This was the sculptor's triumph. It was a popular acknowledgment that he had spoken as eloquently with his chisel as had any of the orators of the day with their tongues. A full description of the statue

was published in THE TRIBUNE on Sunday. The unveiling of the statue was signalled from the Equitable Building, and the forts acknowledged it by a salute, but the sound barely reached the scene of the ceremonies. After the unveiling of the statue, and the cheers with which it was greeted had subsided Mr. Lane said :

In accepting the report of your Committee, it is not necessary, Mr. Phelps, for me to express in words my appreciation of the manner in wich you and your associates have fulfilled their duty, but have only to point to the statue itself as the best evidence of their good judgment in selecting Mr. Ward as their artist, and of the idelity with which they have discharged the trust committed to them.

SPEECH OF PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

Addressing President Arthur, Mr. Lane said:
As President of the Chamber of Commerce of the State
of New-York, the pleasant duty devolves upon me to tender through you to the Government of the United States
the custody of this statue of Washington, erected by citizens of New-York, pursuant to Act of Congress, to commemorate his taking the oath of office, on this spot, as the
first President.

The President replied in these words:

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: It is fitting that other lips than mine should give voice to the sentiments of pride and patriotism which this occasion cannot fail to inspire in every heart. To myself has been assigned but a slight and formal part in the day's exercises, and I shall not exceed its becoming limits.

I have come to this historic spot where the first President of the Republic took oath to preserve, protect and defend its Constitution, simply to accept in behalf of the Government this tribute to his memory. [Cheers.] Long may the noble statue you have here set up stand where you have placed it, a monument alike to your generosity and public spirit, and to the wisdom and virtue and genius of the immortal Washington. [Prolonged applause.]

ADDRESS OF GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. George William Curtis delivered the oration of the day standing on the same stone on which Washington had taken his first oath of office. It was as

The great series of Revolutionary centennial celebrations ends fitly upon this day and upon this spot. The momentous events that marked the opening, the culmination, and the close of the conflict, have been duly commemorated, and for eight years the full-stretched commemorated, and for eight years the rail-stretched memory of the country, a harp of a thousand strings swept by patriotic emotion, has resounded with the heroic music of the Revolutionary story. To-day the Revolutionary story ends. At this hour, a hundred years ago, the last British sentry was withdrawn. The imperial standard of Great Britiain fell at the fort over which it had floated for a hundred and twenty years, and in its place the Stars and Stripes of American Independence flashed in the sun. Fleet and army, royal flag and (scarlet uniform, coronet and ribbon, every sign and symbol of foreign au thority, which from Concord to Saratoga, and from Sara-toga to Yorktown, had sought to subdue the Colonies, vanished from these shores. Colonial and provincial America had ended; National America had begun; and after the lapse of a hundred years, the cradle-song of the hope and promise of our National nativity is still the pean of our mature power and assured prosperity; glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to man! Yet a more sorrowful departure history does not

record. In that humiliating moment, the fruit of the victories of the elder Pitt, which had girdled the globe with British glory and had supplied the pretext for tax-ing America, crumbled to ashes. The catastrophe was not that an English army was vanquished, it was that England was wounded. It was not a field lost, it was an empire rent asunder. It was not a blunder of military stratesy, it was a moral miscalculation. As her wisest statesman had predicted, England had fallen upon her statesman had predicted. England had fallen upon her own sword; and she had drawn it against herself. In striking at her kindred in America, she struck at the political traditions, the immemorial rights, the jealous liberty, which are the hereditary pride of the English name; and the rustic continentals who had defended those rights from Bunker Hill to Newburg, and who returned hither on this day a hundred years ago, marched through these streets as they had marched to the battle-fields of the Revolution, keeping step to the steady drumbat of Cromwell's Ironsides at Worcester and Dunbar, and winning at last as great a victory for the English-speaking race. But none the less the political separation of the two countries was complete. England had declined the greatest opportunity that was ever offered to a great nation, and America, panoplied in the mighty memories of her birthright, with the study self-reliance of indomitable conviction and of conscious power, turned to converte verward as a new nation, under other conditions. nemories of the orbital of the conscious power, turned of indomitable conviction and of conscious power, turned to carry forward as a new nation, under other conditions and through other institutions, the cardinal principles of constitutional liberty.

WHAT THE DAY COMMEMORATES.

This day, therefore, commemorates the end of the old order, and this spot the beginning of the new. With the evacuation of New-York monarchy ended; with the in-auguration of Washington the national republic began. The result, indeed, had been forctold by the course of events through all the colonial period, which culminated in the total overthrow of British power. The early New-England confederations—the colonial leagues against Intion hostility-William Penn's suggestion of a provincial congress—the military association, for a common interest and with a common impulse, in the old French and Eng-lish wars—Franklin's scheme of union at Albany—the congress—the military association, for a common interest and with a common impulse, in the old French and English wars—Franklin's scheme of union at Albany—the first doubt and distrust of British authority—the morning gun of the Revolution in Jonathan Mayhew's preaching—the thunder-burst of James Ottis's plea against the writs of assistance—the keen and fatal logic of John Morin Scott in New-York, with its plain forecast of separation—the flery warning of Patrick Henry to the King—the massacre in State Street—the Boston port-bill—the response of New-York and Virginia—the Stamp Act Congress—and at last, following the shots on Lexington Green and the volley at Concord Bridge, the varying fortune and final triunph of the contest—all these, our renowned and glorious traditions, immortal as the tale of Thermopyle and Plataza, of Sempach and Runnymede, revealed the common American heart and conscience, the essential and instinctive unity of the Colonies; 2nd surely and resisticsely as the revolution of the globe through the darkness of the night turns the continent to the morning, the progressive development of the colonies brought the great consummation of American national union, which consecrates this spot.

But it was accomplished only after long, and anxions, and arduous controversy, with doubt and apprehension, and bitter hostility. The general joy that followed the evacuation of New-York, the satisfaction with acknowledged independence, the glowing anticipation, the boundless hope, were succeeded by the reaction. The young glant indeed had conquered, but his victory seemed to have cost him his life. Foreign authority had disappeared, but the country lay prostrate.

In the midst of our Civil War, by an exquisite stroke of diplomacy, the Secretary of State invited the Ministers of foreign courts to a pleasure ercursion through New-York, that they might witness the unabated prosperity of a single State and report to Europe that, while the United States maintained a million of men in the field and upon the sea, th

THE TRIALS THAT FOLLOWED THE REVOLUTION. The times that tried men's souls in this country were rather in 1786 than in 1776, for the colonial ability to win independence involved neither the rightcousness of the cause nor the character of the people. The Revolu-

tion had proved their valor; the new situation tested been in vain. By the common exertion, sacrifice and suffering, independence had been achieved, the enemy suffering, independence had been achieved, the enemy had been expelled, and the younger England of 'the West had humble the crowned and unnatural mother England upon the sea-girt'throne. In this crucial moment, neglect or ignorance of the obvious and indispensable means of securing the common safety, strength and welfare, the apparent revelation of American incapacity to build a national American commonwealth, might justif fill every generous and patriotic heart with dismay. Yet if any American despaired during the gloomy years from 1783 to 1787, and doubted whether the men were equal to the task, so had John Adams doubted and despaired 'on the very eve of the assembly of the Continental Congress." We have not men fit for the times," he exclaimed; we are deficient in genius, in education, it travel, in fortune, in everything." But scarcely had he written the words than he hastened to take his part in that immortal Assembly, and to do the very thing that he feared no man was astrong enough to do. Well did Jefferson call him the Colossus, for upon his might and indomitable will he lifted the country to the Declaration of Independence. Why then doubt, since independence had been achieved, that national union was possible! The leaders of the Revolution, the chiefs of the Continents! Congress, still lived. Age had not dimmed the!r eyes nor chilled their hearts, nor whithered their facuities. The work they had begun, surely they were ready to complete, and the men who had made the English Colonies American States were wise enough nd strong enough to bind the American States into a Nation.

Nay, even doubt was treachery. For still he lived,—in the prime of glorious manhood he still lived, whose faith, and character, and courage, when patriotism despaired and hoped expired, had moved before his struggling country a pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night. To think of the Revolution is to see him. The whole scene is radiant with his presence and his power. He was, indeed, but one patriot among patriots, and an ardent a had been expelled, and the younger England of "the West had humble the crowned and unnatural mother England

HOW AN INTOLERABLE SITUATION WAS RELIEVED. Indeed, they were already at hand. While England re-fused to relinquish the Western forts, and contemptu-ously demanded of John Adams some security that the separate States would not nullify the decrees of the Confederation, while Europe awaited disdainfully the dissointion of a loose and jarring league, the States themselves, pinched with poverty, jealous of Congress, withheld their contributions to the common treasury, and en-countered from their own citizens armed defiance of their own authority. The situation was intolerable. Liberty and independence, masquerading as lawlessness and

countered from their own citizens armed defiance of their own authority. The situation was intolerable. Liberty and independence, masquerading as lawlessness and license, it reatened the rustic republicans, as the leering satyr in the fable deluded the simple shepherds of the plain. But the high destiny of the English-speaking race was not to be thwarted. The ancient traditions of that people, whose political senius is strong common sense, are not of liberty only, but of constitutional liberty, and of a sagacity and skill which secure and perpetuate that liberty in adequate and flexible institutions. Devotion to liberty and loyalty to law, proceeding with equal step, have together led the race of which Washington is the consummate flower, from the gloom of the ancient German forest to the imperial splender of England and republican giory of the United States. But there were American States after the Revolution, and there were constitutions of States. But there was no common constitution, no common guarantee both of the rights of States and ilberties of the citizen; and, in the midst of States and ilberties of the citizen; and, in the midst of States and ilberties of the citizen; and, in the midst of States and ilberties of the citizen; and, in the midst of States and ilberties of the citizen; and, in the midst of States and ilberties of the citizen; and, in the midst of States and ilberty, who general welfare itself, were perishing. Then, as in the passionate excitement but uncertain movement of the early revolution, a paper passed mysteriously from patriotic hand to hand, firing every patriotic heart with the magic motto, "John or Die"; so, in the air, now electric with National feeling," John or Die"; so, in the air, now electric with National feeling," John or Die "; so, in the air, now electric with National feeling," John or Die "; so, in the air, now electric with National feeling, John or Die "; so, in the air, now electric with National feeling, John or Die "; so, in the air, now electric with National

Washington came at last to New York, and ilanded at the foot of this street, amid such joyous exuitation as New-York had never known. After a week had passed, the great object of his coming was to be accomplished, and on the 30th of April, 1789, the procession attending the President moved from its house on Frankin Square, through Pearl-st. to Broad, and through Broad-st. to the spot upon which we are now assemble.

THE NEW-YORK OF A CENTURY AGO. Among the most imposing events in history must always be (accounted the simple ceremony which was transacted here. The human mind craves lofty figures for a memorable scene, and loves to decorate with fitting circumstance the fulfilment of great affairs. For this event all such conditions were satisfied. The scene was set with every cample preparation of historic significance and patriotic association, with the most eminent actors, with most anspicious anticipation. For the occasion itself 'America ofered no place more becoming, for no spot is more conspicuously, more honorably, or more closely identified than this, with the history of American closely identified than this, with the history of American liberty. The scene around us is marvellously changed, indeed, from its aspect in the colonial, the provincial, the revolutionary city. How transformed this street from the resort of fashion, the seat of the State Government, the modest residence of merchants, diplomatists, and statesmen, which was the Wall street of a century ago! Then the social and political heart of a small and struggling community, it is now the financial nervecenter of a continent. But if the vast competitions and contentions of capital and enterprise which involve the prosperity of States and nations, have overlaid the plain scene of political strife with a field of cloth of gold, yet still the hallowed soil [18] here. The swarming street is but a picture painted over. Beneath the ever shifting characters of speculation and of eager trade incessantly traced upon this pavement of the modern city, thes the undimmed and indelible patriotic record of old New-York.

traced upon this pavement of the modern city, lies the undimmed and indelible patriotic record of old New-York.

The spot upon which we stand was the site of the second (ity Hall which, for more than a hundred years, was the seat and centre of the active political life of the sitate and city. Fanenti Hall, in Boston, is justly called the cradle of the Revolution, for it rocked the infant cry against ministerial injustice into the overwhelming chorus of freedom and independence. Carpenter's Hall, in Philadelphia, sheltered the Continental Congress. There the great debate upon independence proceeded, and there the great debate upon independence proceeded, and there the great Declaration was signed. The titles of such monuments to renown and endiess national gratitude no cavy assails, no rivalry disputes. But the city of Hamilton, of Jay, of Livingston, of John Lamb, and Isaac Sears, and Gouverneur Morris, as it moved with equal step by its sister cities in the field, cherishes the historic sites of its own patriotic activity with the same reverence that it salutes those of its peers.

Here in 1735, the trial of John Zenger, one of the most famous and significant causes in the colonial annals, established the freedom of the American press, and declared the cardinal principle of its liberty, that the publication of the truit is not a libel. From the Assembly of New-York, sitting in this place in 1764, proceeded the protest against the Stamp Act. Congress, the first Congress of the United Colonies, whose clear and uncompromising voice announced the American purpose, and foretold American independence. It was a New-York merchant, President of the Chamber of Commerce, who wrote the address of the Congress to the House of Commons. They were New-York merchants who, as the Congress adjourned, attested their high design by forming a league and covenant of non-importation. It was to a New-York merchant, the substitute of the city, that the British Governor of the province and the commander of the royal forces surrendered t

THE ASSOCIATIONS OF THE SPOT. From the balcony of the hall that stood here the Declaration of Independence was first read to the citi-zens of New-York, and, although the enemy's fleet had entered the harbor, the people, as they listened, tore down the royal arms from the walls of the hall and ourned them in the streets, as their flery patriotism was about to concume the royal power in the province. Here sat the Continental Congress in its closing days. Here John Jay prepared the instructions of John Adams, the first American Minister to Great Britain, and here the first American Minister to Great Britain, and here the Congress received Sir John Temple, the first British Consul-General to the United States. Here, Jeferson was selected by Congress as Minister to France, and here Secretary Jay, with the same equable mind and clear comprehension and unbending integrity that afterward fillustrated the first exercise of the Judicial power of the Union, directed the fereign affairs of the Confederation. Here also, when the Confederation disappeared, the first Congress of the Union assembled. Indeed, we are enveloped by inspiring memories and kindling local associations. Yonder, almost within sound of my voice, still stands the ancient and famous inn where the Commander-in-Chief tenderly parted with his officers, and

there, over the way, where once a modest mansion stood, The Federulist was chiefly written. The very air about this hallowed spot is the air of American pariotism. To breathe it, charged with such memories, is to be inspired with the loftiest human purpose and the noblest endeavor. By the most impressive associations, by the most dignified and important historic events, was this place dedicated to the illustrious transaction which we commemorate to-day.

THE SCENE WHEN WASHINGTON TOOK THE OATH. But the majesty of the event was not its circumstance it was its import. A people whose courage and endur ance in the field, and whose capacity of local self-government had been amply tested, was here to take its place as a united republic beside the ancient powerful monarchies of Christendom. It was to do this amid the scornful distrust of the world, and involved in domestic calousles, and vast and obscure internal perils. The hope of success lay apparently in one man, revered and beloved as no other man had ever been, and upon the successful issue of the trust to which he was here

beloved as no other man had ever been, and upon the successful issue of the trust to which he was here soleranly devoted. What seene in human history transcends the grandeur and significance of that consecration by Gazing upon this soulptured form, and remembering that this was the very hour and this the place of the sublime event; that here, under the benignant arch of heaven, Washington appeared to take the oath of his great office—the air is hushed, even the joyous tumult of this glad day is stilled, the familiar scene fades from before our eyes, and our awed hearts whisper within us: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place on which thou standest is holy ground."

The streets, the windows, the roofs, were througed with people, and, drowing my feeble voice, surely you can hear the vast and prolonged shout that saluted the hero. Touched to the heart by the affectionate greeting, he advanced to the railing, and placing his hand upon his breast, he bowed low, and, for a moment overwhelmed by emotion, he stepped back amid a sudden and solvann silence. Then he arose, and coming forward, his majestle and commanding frame stood upon the identical stone upon which I stand at this moment, and which, fixed fast here beneath the statue, will remain, in the eyes of all men, an imperishable memorial of the scene. Near Washington stood John Adams, Alexander Hamiton, Roger Sherman, Chancellor, kilvingston, General Knox, General Suclair, Baron Steuben, and other famous men. The Chancellor, in his robes, solemnly recited the words of the oath. The Secretary of the Senate raised the Bible, Washington bent low and andthy saying, "I swear, so help me God!" reverently kissed the book. "It is done," cried the Chancellor, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" "Long live George Washington," shouled the people in one resounding cry of exultation. "Long live George Washington," echoed every heart and voice in the world that pleaded and beat for liberty. Almost a hundred years have passed, but more

The task upon which he entered here was infinitely greater than that which he undertook when, fourteen years before, he drew his sword under the 'elm at Cam bridge as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army To lead a people in a revolution wisely and successfully, without ambition and without a crime, demands, indeed, without ambition and without a crime, demands, indees lofty genius and unbending virtue. But to build the state—amid the angry conflict of passion and prejudic and unreasonable apprehension, the incredulity of many, and the grave doubt of all—to organize for their and peacefully to inangurate a complete and satisfactor, government, is the greatest service that a man car reder to mankind. But this, also, is the glory of Washington. The power of his personal character, his pene trating foresight, and the wisdom of his judgment, in the composing the myriad elements that threatened to over whem the mighty undertaking, are all unparalleled. "Nothing but harmony, honesty, industry and frugality," he said to Lafayette, "are necessary to make us a great and happy people." But he was not a man of phrase or maintained by lofty, professions of virtue. No man's preception of the indispensability of great principles to the successful conduct of great affairs was ever more unclouded than his, but no man had ever learned by a more prolonged or aduous experience that infinite patience escapity, forebearance, and wise concession must attend infiscible principle, if great affairs are to be greatly administered. His countrymen are charged with fond idolatry of his memory, and his greatness is pleasantly depreciated as a mythologic exaggeration. But no church ever canonized a saint more worthilly than he is canonized by the national affection, and to no ancient hero, benefactor, or lawgiver, were divine honors so justly decreed as to Washington the homage of the world. With the sure sagaelty of a leader of men, he selected at once, for the highest and nost responsible stations, the three chief Americans who represented the three forces in the Nation which alone could command success in the once hope of the convenient of the more o lofty genius and unbending virtue. But to build their state-amid the angry conflict of passion and prejudice,

THE INSPIRATION OF THIS MAJESTIC FORM. this statue will commemorate to unborn generations. Elsewhere, in bronze and marble, and upon glowing canvas, genius has delighted to invest with the immortality of art the best-beloved and most familiar of American figures. The engineer of the Virginia wilderness, the leader of the Revolution, the President, the man, are known to all men; they are everywhere beheld and revered. But here, at last, upon the scene of the crowning event of his life, and of his country's life-here, in the event of his life, and of his country's life—here, in the throbbing heart of the great city, where it will be daily seen by countless thousands, here in the presence of the President of the United States, of the Governor of New-York, of the official authorities of other States, of the organized body of New-York merchants who, as in other years, have led the city in so many patriotic deeds upon this spot, lead now in this commemoration of the greatest, and finally, of this vast and approving concourse of American citizens, we raise this caim and admonishing form. Its majestic repose shall charm and subdue the multitudinous life that heaves and nurmural servent dit, and as the moon draws the swaying titles of subdue the multitudinous life that heaves and murmur-around it, and as the moon draws the swaying tides or occan, its lofty screnity shall lift the hurrying crowd to unseiths thoughts, to generous patriotism, to a nobler life. Here descended upon our fathers the benediction of the personal presence of Washington. Here may the moral grandeur of his character and his life inapire our children's children forever!

When Mr. Curtis had finished his address the as-

semblage joined in singing "Old Hundred," and the ceremonies were brought to a termination by a benediction pronounced by Bishop Potter.

Although the weather was of the most gloomy character, it found no reflection in the features or bearing of those who took part in the ceremonies, or of the distinguished guests who occupied the rostrum. The President particularly seemed in excellent spirits. After the ceremonies he remained in the Assistant Treasurer's office for half an hour, where he was eagerly besieged by applications for his autograph, which he cheerfully granted in every instance as long as the time permitted.

mitted.

[Fur full report of Chamber of Commerce Diance, see Fifth Page. For Details of the Great Procession and other Features of the Day, see First, Second and Third Pages.]

BREE' RABBIT GOES A-COURTING.

From The Cincinnati Enquirer.
In the centre of that waste of water called by In the centre of that waste of water called by courtesy the lake in Lincoln Park there is a rather picturesque island on which a festive bunny, whose original complexion was white, disports himself. Like Alexander Seikirk, he stands as monarch of all he surveys. This rabbit has for companions in captivity a fine collection of chickens, peadwis and others of the feathered tribe, and on occasion carries consternation into their midst, much to his individual enjoyment. He will suddenly make his appearance before a chicken, or, indeed, any other member of the feathered flock, rear upon his hind legs, clevate his auricular appendages to a height that must render him an appalling object, and inspudently stare as if, forsooth, he could stare a hen but of countenance. The hens fly into hysteries—if a tree is not convenient—but not so the peafowls, which are pugnacious to a degree. Often they attack the disturber of their peace, which on such occasions simply bounds over their heads, and assumes his old, and to the fowl temper, exasperating position. When feeding time comes he pays no attention to the shelled corn that is thrown to him, but waits partently for the distribution of "soft tack," in the shape of water-soaked bread, to his companions. If he does not get the first delicacy from the pan it is because the lucky fewl gulps it in a lump before the rabbit can reach him, and trusts to his gizzard for future results.

Two or three evenings ago, wooed no doubt by the mellow light of the moon, one of the pullets ventured from her perch in the chicken-house and started out for a stroll on the island. Bunny was no doubt similarly moonstruck, for he, too, soon emerged from his sleeping quarters, and by some visitors in the park was observed to hasten to the side of the pullet. The latter moved off as if desirous of communing with herself, but the rubbit straight way joined her. He was bound to have company, and each time on overtaking the pullet would plant himself in front of her, and again, in a right-about-face millit

An exchange remarks that a common brick, if very dry, will absorb a quart of water. The perfect brick of the human variety, however, although he is al-ways very dry, wouldn't absorb a quart of water in a year's drinking. Here is seen the superiority of mind ever matter.—[Hastings (Neb.) Gazette-Journal.

THE PARADE IN THE HARBOR.

MILES OF SHIPPING IN LINE.

GLIMPSES OF THE PROCESSION FROM THE FLAG-

SHIPS, THE SHORES AND THE BRIDGE. There was nothing except the bad weather to mar the complete success of the great marine parade yesterday. The arrangements had been so thoroughly perfected that they were carried out without delay or mishap. At the Bedloe's Island rendezvous tugs and steamboats began to gather as early as 8 o'clock. There was, however, at first, no order about their positions, and steam vessels of all sizes and characters passed and repassed each other and zigzaged around the bay in a most complex and bewildering manner. Soon, however, order began to appear out of the confusion. And when Vice-Admiral Vosburgh's vessel, the D. R. Martin, steamed down from the foot of Leroy-st. at 9:30 o'clock, a long line of vessels stretched away to the south from Bedloe's Island. The overcast sky now began to drop a fine rain, which gave a dismal hue to shore and river. But even this was not sufficient to hide the brilliant appearance of the bunting-covered shipping and moving steam vessels of the harbor. The D. R. Martin turned at Bedloe's Island and waited for the arrival of Admiral John H. Starin's flagship, Sam Sloan. The latter arrived from Twenty-second-st. about 10 o'clock, and at once turned and placed itself at the head of the line. The start up the river was made almost immediately afterward. The flagship was gaily decorated with flags and bunting, as were nearly all the steamboats and tugs in the parade. The D. R. Martin followed at a considerable distance behind the flagship. Chief-Aid De Noyelles, Rear-Admiral A. C. Cheney, Commodore Robinson and Lieutenant-Commander Hazard came immediately after in the Quaker City and the A. C. Cheney.

A TRIP WITH THE PROCESSION. The fleet started off at a speed scarcely more than six miles an hour. It longthened out like an immense serpent as it wound its way slowly up the New-Jersey shore. The rain was now falling fast, but the most of the passengers on the boats were able to find convenient places for watching the procession from under cover. Upon all convenient and accessible spots on the New-Jersey shore spectators were gathered. The flagship was saluted with cheers, waving of handkerchiefs and the blowing of whistles as she went past. At Sixtiethst. a large number of locomotives of the New-York Central Railroad suddenly joined their shrill blasts to the noise of the other whistles. The effect was almost deafening.

The first turn of the parade was made at Sixty-ninth-st., around an immense derrick that had been anchored in the middle of the river. Looking down from this point as the leading boats passed the derrick, the last vessels of the line were lost in the mist that overhung the river. But one of the effective scenes of the whole parade was made as the column rounded the turning point. It was then that the regularity and extent of the procession was most apparent, and that the number of vessels in line was most clearly realized. The distribution of the different kinds and sizes of vessels was admirably arranged, and the regular intervals of distances between the boats gave an air of symmetry to the whole. As the boats coming down the North River passed those going up, the passengers crowded to the sides of the boats overlooking the other lines, and if the day had been fine, doubtless the decks would have presented a most brilliant spectacle. As it was, it was an interesting sight. As the it was, it was an interesting sight. As the Sam Sloan and the D. R. Martin passed the Tennessee a rapid salute was fired. This was also repeated at Castle William when the leading boats rounded the Battery. At this point the most interesting sight to those on board the boats was the immense throng of persons standing in the open rain on the Battery to watch the procession go by. The whole of Battery Park appeared to be covered with the black mass of human bodies and umbrellas. Nor was this confined to the Battery; for on all the piers, ferryboats, vessels anchored at wharves, and even upon the roofs of adjoining buildings were crowded a great multitude of spectators. The shipping upon the East River also presented a more brilliant array of streamers, flags and bunting. Cheers followed the leading boats fron those on shore from the Battery to Twenty-third-st., where the second doubling of the line was made. At the Brooklyn Navy Yard another salute was fired as the Sam Sloan moved past. The wharves on the Brooklyn shore were most crowded at the foot of Broadway, Williamsburg. When the head of the line again turned toward Brooklyn Bridge the same pretty sight was presented as at Sixty-ninth-st, on the North River.

Upon the Sam Sloan reaching Castle William she turned out of the way of the advancing line that it might be reviewed as it passed. Comparatively few of the boats went as far south as Bay Ridge, but the most of them, after passing a short distance beyond Bedloe's Island, turned away from the line, and in a comparatively short time the whole procession was dispersed. The parade was ended before 2:30 o'clock. Sam Sloan and the D. R. Martin passed the

ON THE FLAGSHIP SAM SLOAN. At 9:30 o'clock the Sam Sloan, the flagship of the day, left the Twenty-second-st. dock and steamed down the river. The pennant of an Admiral floated from the flagstaff at her bows, and fore and aft flags, wet with the mist, waved in the river breezes. As she approached Bedloe's Island the fleet which she was to lead were seen lying thick on the water like a city decorated for a holiday and gone affoat. On board the Sloan were "Admiral" Starin, Governor-elect Abbett, of New-Jersey; Samuel Sloan, General James S. Negley, of Pittsburg; Hallett Kilbeurn, Postmaster Pearson, Commissioner Blackford, J. J. Adams, J. H. Har-per, David Wells, General Dumont, J. per, David Wells, General Damout, J.
R. Lydecker, William Walter Phelps, H. B.
Haggeman, Captain I. H. Strickland, Howard
Carroll, Michael Cregan, William Keanan, of Fishkill; Cyrus Skinner, Charles R. Truax and others.
A continuous collation, and a band which played
patriotic and other airs, helped to keep the party in
good spirits in spite of the gloominess of the day
and the fog which made everything damp and
uncomfortable. When the flagship, having proceeded up the East River as far as Twenty-fifth-st.
had started on its return, the "Admiral"
and his guests assembled in the after-cabin,
where speeches were made congratulating Mr.
Starin on the success of the river parade,
and recalling the occasion of it. Samuel Sloan,
for whom the flagship was named, was the first
speaker. He was followed by Governor Abbett,
William Walter Phelps, Howard Carroll, Mr. Starin
and others. Though the room was small and the
audience few in number, the speakers had to
shout each word at the top of their lung in order to
be heard above the din of steam whistles and the
blare of brass bands. Every salute was acknowledged by the flagship and a little caunon in the
bow was kept popping away all the time and the
whistles strove to drown its uproar as persistently.

A GLIMPSE FROM THE JERSEY SHORE. R. Lydecker, William Walter Phelps, H. B.

A GLIMPSE FROM THE JERSEY SHORE. A TRIBUNE reporter had an opportunity of viewing a portion of the steamboat parade from the pilot-house of one of the Jersey City ferryboats. From below Governor's Island, far as the eye could reach up the North River stretched a line of boats of every variety of size and model, that kept coming out from the rainy haze like an endless serpent from the sea. The captain of the Red Star steamer Switzerland, which lies at the foot of Grand-st., in Jersey City, after examining it with his glass, declared its length to be fully eighteen miles.

AT THE BARGE OFFICE. "There's altogether too much water in this parade," remarked a bystander at the Barge Office, as the marine parade was passing. 'Never mind," responded his neighbor. "It was a worse day for Old England a hundred years ago. You'll not see such another for a hundred years more, and you might as well make the most of it while it lasts." Crowds lined the top of the sea-wall about the Battery. Standing three and four deep, their umbrellas giving the mass the appearance of a great belt of huge black mushrooms. They stood patiently in the rain and watched the vessels of the marine parade steam up the North River, although it was fully an hour beyond the appointed time when the parade started. As the guns of the Tennessee announced the return, the crowd rushed toward the sea-wall again. The windows of the Barge Office shook at every discharge, although the distance was a mile and a half, the flash being seen six seconds before the report was heard. The shed was open to the public, and in the offices of the staff were many ladies. The gray mist and the vapor from the tugs and steamboats gave the line a ghostly look. On the return the vessels formed four deep in the bay, but entered the East River in single file, then doubling, keeping near either shore. As they passed up toward the Bridge it was seen that the usual rainbow strings of colors were wanting, the National flag being almost the only flag displayed. The barbette guns from Castle William and Fort Columbia on Governor's Island added their part to the general disturbance, and the crowd hurfully an hour beyond the appointed time when the

rahed lustily. As a rule the ferry boats and other craft not in the parade accommodated their movements to the latter and the line was scarcely broken. No particular order was observed as the vessels passed the Barge office on the return. Many lingered on shore until the last of the fleet had steamed past the Battery, and witnessed an embarkation of the Engineer Corps for Willit's Point and the Marine Corps and regular artillery for Brooklyn or Governor's Island.

THE CROWDS WHO GAZED FROM THE BRIDGE.
"Wot time does the goon-bo't race coom along?" was the query addressed to a Bridge policeman late in the forenoon by a seedy-looking old man, who led by the hand a wet and bedraggled-looking little girl, who ought to have been in the house. The question, though not exactly in that form, was on the lips of all who crossed the Bridge after 11 o'clock, but it was seldom uttered, because most people had about all they wanted to do to keep their umbrellas from turning wrong side out, and to prevent their hats from blowing away. Occasionally an ostrich feather or a derby would go sailing out in the wind or rain-an involuntary offering to the great American eagle which was supposed to be soaring proudly over the city.

"Evacuation Day!" cried one disgusted man who, having begun the walk across the Bridge, was perforce unable to turn back; "I don't wonder the British evacuated New-York if the weather a hundred years ago was auything like this!" This unpatriotic sentiment voiced the feeling of those within earshot, and the good judgment of the British in quitting the town was commended on all sides. A more dismal-looking lot of pedestrians than those who crossed the Bridge after the rain began to fail was seldom if ever seen. Throughout the forencon all Brooklyn and the inhabitants of the rest of the island seemed to be nouring over the Bridge. Arrangements had been made for a big crowd, and the officials were much disappointed that the day was not pleasant. For they were anxious to test the capacity of the structure and the temper of their men as well, and were confident of being able to hande the crowds that were expected. In the early hours of the forencon only the passenger promenade was used, as ninety-nine out of a hundred of the people were bound for New-York. The few that were going to Brooklyn had no difficulty in getting there by the same way. This left the south roadway free for the 23d Regiment and the 3d Battery, which marched over about 8:30 a. m. Three-quarters of an hour earlier the Brooklyn Board of Aldermen had crossed, and the current report was that they bore a banner on which was inscribed "The Early Bird Catches the Worm." Many, however, thought that the promptness of this body in getting in motion was commendable and was not a proper subject for jest. The only other organization that crossed the Bridge on its way to the rendezvous was the St. Patrick's Alliance, 125 strong.

It was not until a quarter to 10 that the south roadway was thrown open to people, going from this city to Brooklyn, teams from both cities being turned into the north roadway. The crowd, however, was bound to New-York, and the promenade and the south roadway, but they had little to do. T supposed to be soaring proudly over the city. "Evacuation Day!" cried one disgusted man who,

same number of Brooklyn policemen at the entrance in that city. The orders given to the Bridge officers were to keep their tempers and to keep people moving.

People, however, did not seem to be in great need of urging. For the Bridge was not a particularly pleasant place on which to saunter yesterday. The rain beat in sheets against one's umbrella after 10 o'clock and made walking a perilous and uncomfortable task. Many of those who started from Brooklyn were anxious to turn back when they reached the tower and found how strong the wind was, but they were obliged to keep on, some of them hatless and with umbrellas that were wrecked. Toward noon the number of pedestrians decreased, although there were thousands who, for some unaccountable reason, persisted in walking to New-York. The cars were "doubled up," and were run on two or two and a half minutes' headway. In the early hours of the forenoon they were crowded on the way to this city and brought back few passengers. Late in the forenoon the tide began to turn in the opposite direction, though the cars were not so crowded as they were earlier in the day. There was apparently no trouble with the grips and the engineers were congratulating themselves on the easy, rapid manner in which people were transported. One of the passengers, William Cornwall, of No. 603 Hancock-st., Brooklyn, met with an accident while descending the stairs from the cars at the New-York end of the Bridge. He was carrying his child in his arms and lost his foothold. He injured his kneepan by the fall and was taken home in a carriage, accompanied by his wife. The child escaped injury. There were a few other accidents of minor importance caused by the slippery walks. The boats that formed the vanguard of the river parade were seen off the Battery at about 12:30. At this time there were not one-twentieth the number of people on the Bridge that could have found room. A melancholy procession of wet, sick-looking people were wending their way from this city home, and an equal number were going of the river. The ferryboats had no trouble in making their way across the river during the progress of the parade, but those who were on the Bridge had a good deal of trouble in hearing themselves think. Some of the captains of the tags and steamers seemed to have tied the whistle rope down for the whole trip. The show had the charm of novelty, but could hardly be called picturesque. Occasionally the noise would be increased by the firing of a cannon on the Sam Sloan and this would be answered from the deck of a South American steamship lying at pier No. 36. When the head of the nautical procession was off Corlears Hook, what seemed to be the Navy-Yard gans began to boom and the sound was borne to the Bridge through the roin. The boats were nearly an hoar and a half in passing beneath the Bridge.

A LAST LOOK AT THE SHOW. When the marine parade had turned south again, and had reached the river beneath the bridge, it was nearly 2 o'clock. All that time the tugs and steamers, lighters and ferryboats were straggling along without any pretence at an organized succession. The only matter in which they seemed to be thoroughly united was in a common desire to make all the noise possible. The steam whisles tooted and shricked in various keys, and with interestingly varied degrees of intensity. The misty air was disturbed with intensity air was disturbed with intensity air was disturbed with intensity. The misty air was disturbed with intensity of concentrated shrillness. Dozens of steam stacks beliched forth volumes of smoke, which, failing to struggle upward, lingered about the nether atmosphere in the form of clouds and assisted the light fog to veil the parade from the eyes of passengers on the Bridge. The structure was then but sparsely populated, and the policemen scattered along its length did not find it necessary to ask any one to keep moving. The rain came down in torrents and the water not finding a ready escape from the promenade, the flooring was covered to the depth of a quarter of an inch. The pathway was strewn with the debris of umbrellas; and ribbons, handkerchiefs, and even gloves, were chased by the wind and found refuge in odd corners, faded, jaded and disreputable, or took the leap into the water below. Under these circumstances the river parade received but little attention, and by half-past 2 it had struggled and tooted and smoked out of sight.

About this time the people began to return to Brooklyn. The stream from the other side had almost entirely ceased. The cars to Brooklyn were filled now almost as full as in the morning they had been crowded in the opposite direction. The people returning from the theatre matinees came along about half-past four, and by six o'clock the travel had been crowded in the opposite direction. The at an organized succession. The only matter in which they seemed to be thoroughly united was

[For full details concerning the Great Procession and other features of Evacuation Day, see Pirst, Second and Third

TWO FATAL DEFECTS.

From The Philadelphia Call.

Mrs. Jenkins—" Dear me, Matilda Jane, it's no use trying to be aristocratic any longer. I've done everything mortal woman could since your par did so well in lumber, but the obstacles is too great. I give it

Matilda Jane—"Why, mn. I think we're getting along splendid, I'm sure. We don't eat with our knives any more, and we've got so we dare speak to the butler adinner. The way you say, James, you may go, sounds like a queen talking. What is the trouble now!"

Mrs. Jenkins—"Well, I was reading only a little while ago that the gout and a family feud were necessary adjuncte to aristocracy, and I don't see any prospect of securing either."